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A shower of worms is reported from Burlington, N. J. The early bird should promptly put that town down in his route book.

The Englishman who has been telling that "England is unpopular" deserves especial mention as the first Englishman who has grasped an important fact.

It is probably true, as Gen. Weyler says, that "the Cuban insurgents have nothing to confiscate." The tyranny of Spain has impoverished them, and now it is assassinating them.

A deserter from the army declares that he was hypnotized. This is an important matter. In the next war we shall have only to employ an expert hypnotizer to enter the camp of the enemy and disperse the invaders without firing a shot.

An interesting experiment in reform work among criminals is to be tried in the Tombs prison in New York City, where a school for the boys is to be started in charge of a teacher from the university settlement. An hour and a half a day will be given to the school duties.

It was unreasonable in Spain to expect any great military achievement from Gen. Weyler. He was sent to Cuba as a merciless executioner, and has not failed in that respect. But he is not built for a soldier, and the Madrid authorities must have desired to get rid of him when they ordered him to the front.

Louisville Times: A couple of suicides, 40 years old, have been found locked in each other's arms in a North Dakota hotel. They died for love, and left a note saying: "Though separated in life, we are one in death." If the couple had been under 20 years of age the suicide would have been romantic; at 40 it is more or less ridiculous.

The latest device for the promotion of education is the traveling library—that is, a library that stops at one place for six months and then is moved to another town or neighborhood. Two philanthropists in Michigan and Wisconsin have fitted out a number of such enterprises, and they are said to be very helpful and popular. The libraries consist mainly of standard works and first-class periodicals, and nothing is charged for the use of them.

Extract from a letter from French Congo: A man threw a stone at his wife and broke her back. She died the next day. Her brother called a jury, consisting of six influential men, the King among them. They ordered the man to appear before them, and told him he must drink the Saxywood mixture, and if he was innocent it would not hurt him. He dropped dead as soon as he swallowed it, as they well knew he would. They threw the body away, and this was the end. Only a few persons knew what had become of him until months had elapsed.

The horseless carriage seems to be coming along fast to join the bicycle and drive the horse out of business. The number of horses driven out of work by electric trolleys, etc., will be small compared to the hauling of the country by the carriages without horses. There have been several successful trials of horseless carriages in the last three months that are said to have fully demonstrated their practicability. The carriage and the bicycle should compel good roads. The National League for roads should enroll the L. A. W. and other bikers and the motor men in a great concerted effort for good roads at once.

Pursuant to a resolution of the last Congress the Philadelphia mint is to make experiments with new metals and combinations of metals to determine whether any improvement can be made in our present copper and nickel coinage. It may give us aluminum cents in place of the copper pieces now in use, and possibly a new species of 5-cent pieces, made entirely of nickel, or perhaps half of nickel and half of copper. There is so slight a suggestion of copper in the present 5-cent piece that it is a surprise to read that 75 per cent. of it is copper and only 25 per cent. nickel. The present cent contains 95 per cent. of copper, 2 per cent. of tin, and 3 per cent. of zinc. The objection is made to it that it is hard to distinguish by feeling between a cent and a silver 10-cent piece.

The esoteric education of the women of San Francisco does not seem to have reached that lofty plane where they can be intrusted safely with the scintillating presence of such Hindoo seers as Brahmacharin Bobhabiskshu. Mr. Bob, etc., was in the act of addressing the women's congress when the limitations of his auditors were revealed to him and through him to the world. The offense which the Hindoo seems to have regarded as most serious was the pulling of his flowing gown of silk by some woman who objected to his arguments. It provoked him to attack his auditors in his native tongue and then in fairly good English, and caused a scene of wild confusion, in the midst of which the Hindoo shouted out: "I do like a hero; I will be brave," and then disappeared. The report adds that he was escorted to the furnace-room by his friends and was "let out into the street through the coal hole." It is apparent that San Francisco is no place for a genius like Brahmacharin Bob, etc., who is forced to show his heroism and bravery by climbing out of a coal hole.

The Holland submarine boat is rapidly nearing completion in the Crescent shipyards at Elizabethport, N. J. It was begun about six months ago. John Holland, the inventor, has been in constant attendance at the shipyards since its inception. He believes it will fulfill all his expectations. The curious looking craft is fifty feet long and ten feet three inches in diameter at the center, shaped like a cigar, sharp at ing torpedoes under water. Its motive power under water will be electricity furnished by a storage dynamo, and on the surface an oil engine will be the means of propulsion. Its speed under water will be eight knots an hour and on the surface ten knots. The boat is constructed of the finest steel plate, capable of sustaining an immense pressure, so that a descent can be made to almost any depth. The supply of air will be twofold—a storage or compressed air emitted gradually during a descent, and a fresh supply produced by chemical action. It is expected to move eight or ten miles an hour under the surface of the water and to dive deeper than the draft of any battleship—say, forty or fifty feet—and to discharge a projectile filled with dynamite, which will rend such a hole in the ship under water as to quickly sink it with all on board. If Holland's diabolical craft can do what he claims no more battleships will be built by any nation.

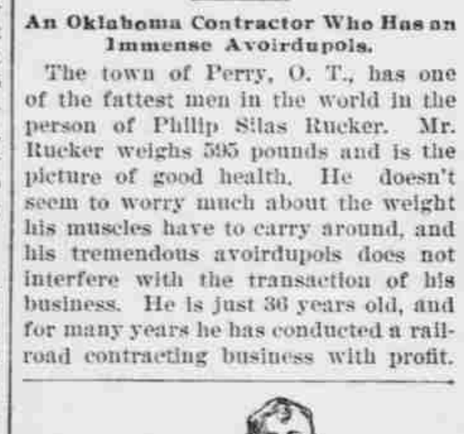
Well and truly says the Natchez Democrat: "If the farming people of the South would raise all their own meat, which they have as many facilities for doing as those of the West, who produce this article for Southern consumption, our people down here would be measurably independent whether cotton was high-priced or not. The past two years has demonstrated that five-cent cotton can be made at some little profit, and if the output should be so curtailed that the prices of the staple would not go below six, and a half and seven cents, according to the demand, our cotton-producing friends would soon again be 'on top,' just as they used to be in ante bellum days, when it was the height of everybody's ambition to be a cotton planter, own a lot of slaves and live on the best the land afforded. If our producers would only grow their own foodstuffs, for both man and beast, which they can easily do, they could make their cotton a surplus crop, sell it as they chose, and derive a living profit from it, whatever might be the condition of the market. The South has too long been dependent on the West for her meat and other foodstuffs necessary to make cotton at a loss, but those of that section have to some degree already felt the new departure of a portion of our people in raising much of their own corn and not a little of their own meat. If we persevere in this direction, which we can very readily do, we will in time become entirely independent of that section, and it is not only possible but probable that the West would be sending to us for the articles of consumption that she has been so long supplying us at a profit that has helped to build up her greatness and grandeur."

A Cincinnati gentleman related to an Enquirer reporter that one night the late William H. Vanderbilt told him how the old Commodore had ostracized him, both for the reason that he did not think him possessed of any business tact and that he had married against his wishes. Mr. Vanderbilt said that the Commodore told him he could live on a farm that he owned on Staten Island, and that that was all he would do toward his support. Some time after that, when their circumstances were unusually poor and they were having a decided struggle for a living, the son went into his father's office. During the conversation that ensued the old gentleman inquired of the son how his farm was doing. The latter replied that the crop was not good, and the farm seemed to need fertilizing. "Well," said the Commodore, "there is a lot of horse refuse at my stable." "Well, I can't get it, because I have no money," said the son. "Well, I will give you a load—only one," and he wrote out an order upon his stableman for the one load. The next day the Commodore went to his place and was surprised to see the entire collection had disappeared. "Where has that gone?" he asked of his stable hand. "Why, William H. took it." "But he only had an order for one load." "That's all be took." "Why, what did he have?" "A flatboat." William H. upon getting the order had secured the assistance of one of the flatboats used a great deal by Staten Islanders, and had had it taken up back of the old man's place, and all of the refuse was loaded on to it. This seemed to open the old man's eyes, for a day or two after that he paid the first visit he had in months to his son's residence, and soon after that his son was ordered to the city, where he ever afterward lived.

HE WEIGHS 595 POUNDS.

An Oklahoma Contractor Who Has an Immense Avoirdupois.

The town of Perry, O. T., has one of the fattest men in the world in the person of Philip Silas Rucker. Mr. Rucker weighs 595 pounds and is the picture of good health. He doesn't seem to worry much about the weight his muscles have to carry around, and his tremendous avoirdupois does not interfere with the transaction of his business. He is just 36 years old, and for many years he has conducted a railroad contracting business with profit.



PHILIP S. RUCKER.

Mr. Rucker is well known among politicians, and he has no small influence with his party. He is a native of Ottumwa, Ia., and one of the foremost citizens of the territory. Mr. Rucker's wife, formerly Miss Esther Schoonover, weighs 100 pounds.

If the Lord is as good as our mothers, He will put the blame for all our wrong doing on the boys and girls we have

A DYNAMITE FACTORY IN JERSEY'S WILDS.

RECENTLY the Cuban Junta, located in New York, placed a large order for dynamite, variously estimated at from 50,000 to 500,000 pounds. It was probably nearer the former than the latter figure, but even if it were the minimum amount, it would be sufficient to tear some pretty big holes in the Spanish ranks if properly applied.

The concern that secured this order has made lots of dynamite for the Cubans; it also supplies the needs of Uncle Sam whenever he is in want of anything in this line. For a long time it was kept busy turning out 20,000 pounds of the stuff a day for the contractors at the work on the Chicago Canal. In a year it turns out enough of the explosive to almost blow the earth into smithereens.

It would seem that a concern which does all this would be an imposing affair, with a factory or series of factories, with numberless acres of floor space. But it is just the reverse, and a stranger could stand in the very center of the dynamite factory and not recognize it as such.

Dynamite is a peculiar commodity and it is manufactured under peculiar conditions. Uncertainty is the ruling thing about dynamite, and this dominating feature permeates the whole establishment. The factory is located at Gibbstown, N. J., a place so small and in a section of the State so sparsely settled that the outside world would never have heard of its existence, perhaps, were it not for the dynamite.

There is no need of employing special men to see that the precautionary rules are observed, as every workman is a spy upon his neighbors, for he knows that his safety depends quite as much upon the others as upon himself.

Dynamite is principally a mixture of sulphuric acid, chili saltpeter and box-wood sawdust. There are a good many other things which enter into its composition, and before it takes the shape of the finished cartridge it passes through a variety of hands. There is one thing that the dynamite worker is thankful for, and that is that his job will never be usurped by machinery.

Nearly a dozen of the shanties are chemical houses. They are called "safety buildings" and are used for the storage of the many acids which help to make dynamite what it is.

One of the initiatory stages of the cartridge is "cooking" of the dynamite gelatine. The product of the cook is nitro-glycerine. Many acids are poured into a big leaden tub, the most conspicuous feature of which is a thermomenter. One man watches the thermometer like a hawk and adds chilled water from time to time to keep the temperature of the mixture down. Should it evince a sudden desire to rise there is nothing for all hands to do but run.

After all the acids have been added the mixture is allowed to stand, and then the nitro-glycerine comes to the top like cream in milk. It is skimmed off and carried to another house, where it is mixed with the prepared raw material, principally sawdust.

HUMBLE ABODE OF THE BIGGEST DYNAMITE FACTOR

Its remoteness from everything was the reason of the factory being located there. A branch railroad runs into the property connecting with the principal railroads and the Delaware River. By these means the commodity is shipped through the country and to the seaports.

The factory spreads over a mile of swamp land and is nothing more than three-score of wooden buildings, one story in height and not very securely built. For the most part they look for all the world like the run-down negro cabins of the South and are just about as handsome. They have one modern appliance, however, and that is an attachment for depriving lightning of its powers.

None of these shanties is very close to the other. Plenty of open space is a necessity when tens of thousands of pounds of dynamite are always lying around. Commercial prudence accounts for the cheap and scattering look of the factory. Experience has taught the owners that a single big building would be a rash enterprise. Explosions occur once in a while, no matter how carefully they are guarded against, and it is an easy matter to replace the shanty.

A more potent reason is the protection it affords to the work people. Were all the business concentrated in one building and an explosion occur in any one department, the shock would cause instantaneous upheavals throughout the building, killing or maiming every one in the place.

Several hundred people are employed in the factory, including a dozen women. Each and every one of them fully realizes the danger of their calling, and they exercise the greatest caution in performing their work. There are certain rules formulated by the company which they must obey, and this they are only too glad to do. One is that no matches, firearms or explosives of any kind must be carried on the person. Another is that no iron or steel pegs can be worn in the shoes. Wooden pegs are permissible, because they are safe.

This latter rule was formulated some years ago after one of the workmen had stepped on a tiny piece of dynamite, the nails of his shoe causing it to explode. The shock caused quite a quantity of the stuff on one of the work tables to go off, the shanty was blown up and there were some fatalities

When the coalition has been effected the result is loose dynamite, looking for all the world like brown sugar. It is conveyed to another building, called the packhouse, where it is stuffed into the cartridges. The loose dynamite is placed in a dampened trough on a damp table and the men fill the long narrow tubes with the stuff, using wooden scoops. Great care is taken that none of it drops on the floor, as a happening of that kind might be the preliminary of a big disaster. In this room the cartridges are packed for shipment.

The women in the factory are employed in a little house given over to making the paper caps for the cartridges. As there is no danger about this work, machinery is employed to some extent, and as a result only a dozen women are employed.

As little finished dynamite is kept on the ground as possible. Stock is never maintained. The dynamite is shipped off as rapidly as it is made into cartridges and the burden of watching it passes on to others.

Trinity's Clock on a Spree.

Old Trinity's clock, which is usually a trustworthy timepiece, went wrong on Friday, and for two days its antics made the Wall street men rub their eyes and try to recall where they had been the night before. The hands seemed to have tired of their humdrum round and got frisky. On Saturday morning they jumped from 11 o'clock to 11:15 in less than a second, and then they swung to 11:45, where they paused for a moment. Then they advanced until they pointed to 12 o'clock. The subsequent proceedings attracted general attention down town, and when the hands pointed to 11:30 and the clock struck 3 there was appropriate language used. Trinity's clock is one of the most conspicuous things in the lower part of the city, and its accuracy is seldom questioned.—New York Sun.

Content with What He Had.

"Brother," said the minister, "you should try to be content with what you have."

"I am," said the brother, who had been grumbling. "It is what I ain't got that I am dissatisfied about."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What use has a man with whiskers

MEALS COST TOO MUCH

Railroads to Substitute the "Pay-for-What-You-Eat" Plan.

According to F. W. Buskirk, assistant general passenger agent of the Erie, railroads soon will have to drop the $1 flat price for a meal in the dining-car. He bases this prediction on his experience when he exhibited one of the new trains of the Erie, which are to run between Cleveland and New York. One of the features of the new equipment is a Parisian cafe service, a sort of a compromise between the table d'hote served for a dollar bill on dining-cars, and the canned-goods delivery found in buffet service. He also cited the success which attends the a la carte service recently put on dining-cars by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and other Western roads.

"People want to pay for what they eat," said Mr. Buskirk. "They do not want to pay an even dollar for a bowl of soup and a slice of rhubarb pie, but they are willing to pay $2, if the sum of their order amounts to that much. Some of the roads are beginning to recognize that little fact, and before long you will see the dining-car methods changed considerably. When dining-cars were novelties it was all well enough to charge $1 for a full meal or a snack; but dining-cars to-day are essential parts of the equipment of every well-regulated railroad. The dining-cars have lost the charm of novelty, and passengers are becoming critical. The Erie, I think, has struck a happy medium in its cafe service. Such a service, of course, is unsuited for long trips, but is admirable for such runs as the Cleveland-New York run on our line.

"This cafe service is elastic. One can get a full meal or one can get a sandwich and a bottle of beer, and pays for just what he gets. The luncheon or meal is served on little tables which are movable, and one end of the car is reserved for men who want to smoke after eating. If a young man or woman wants to give a chafing-dish party at the rate of fifty miles an hour, the chafing-dish and ingredients required are at hand, and the young person can try his hand at a Welsh rarebit, lobster a la Newburg, or what not. But the feature in the service which meets the requirements of the traveling public is found in the pay-for-what-you-get plan, and this plan will be adopted by all first-class lines before long, for the American people have never taken kindly to the table d'hote scheme. Railroads will be gainers, because hundreds of passengers are deterred from entering a dining-car from the fact that it means $1 if only a sandwich and a cup of coffee are ordered."

The Royal William.

A tablet was erected two or three years ago in the great hall of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, commemorating the fact that the Royal William, built in Canada in 1833 by James Goudie, was the first vessel which crossed the Atlantic propelled entirely by steam. In 1818 a ship called the Curacoa is stated to have made the voyage from Helvoetsluis, in Holland, to Surinam and Curacoa, occupying thirty-two days on the voyage, in eleven of which she was under steam. In the same year the Rising Sun, a steamer built by Lord Cochrane, crossed the Atlantic. A year later a vessel named the Savannah crossed from the port of that name to London; but owing to the wood that she carried for fuel running short, she was compelled to cover the greater part of the distance by the aid of her sails. The successful inauguration, however, of transatlantic steamer is due to the Great Western steamer, built for the Great Western Steamship Company by J. K. Brunel. The Great Western was 212 feet long, 35 feet 4 inch beam, and registered 1,340 tons. Her engines were of 440 horse power. The Great Western started from Bristol on Sunday, the 8th of April, 1836, and completed her voyage across the Atlantic in fourteen days, arriving at New York on the 23d of April, the same day as the Sirius, which had started four days before her.

Why Snow Is Wh te.

The pure white luster of snow is due to the fact that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in the radiance thrown off from the surface of the crystal. It is quite possible to examine the individual snow crystals in such a way as to detect these several colors before they are mingled together to constitute the compound impression of whiteness upon the eye. The soft whiteness of the snow is also in some degree attributable to the large quantity of air entangled amid the frozen particles. Snow is composed of a great number of minute crystals, more than a thousand distinct forms of which have been enumerated by various observers. These crystals and prisms reflect all the compound rays of which white light consists. Sheets of snow on the ground are known to reflect beautiful pink and blue tints under certain angles of sunshine, and to fling back so much light as to be painful to the eyes.

Most Blase Man.

Another of the pretty sisters of the Queen of Wurtemberg is soon to marry. The betrothal is announced of Princess Adelaide of Schaumburg-Lippe to Prince Ernest of Saxe-Altenburg, the heir presumptive to the sovereign duchy of that name. The reigning duke has no male issue and the heir to the throne is his only brother, Moritz, father of Prince Ernest. Prince Moritz, who is about 67, is called "the most blase man in Europe," and although in perfect physical condition, stays in bed for weeks at a time, simply because, to use his own words, "there was nothing worth getting up for." Under the circumstances it is probable that when his elder brother, the duke, who is reported very ill, dies, he will abandon his rights of succession to his only son on the ground that it would be "too much of a bore" to reign.

Absorption of Odors.

A physician who has experimented upon oranges declares that they have a power rarely possessed by other fruits, that of absorbing odors from the atmosphere. Blood oranges are especially liable to do this, and if placed in the same room with onions for several days will acquire a decided onion flavor.

After a man becomes old and worthless there is no place for him to sit